



Young Roger, The Ploughman.

DEAR Mother I long to be married,
If that you will give your Consent;
Full sixteen Years old as I've been told,
I was in the Middle of last Lent.
It was Time to be married you know,
Two Summers and Winters ago;
For the loss of a Lover, I'd fain discover,
Young Roger he loves me I know;
For he's as handsome a Fellow I vow,
As e'er was brought up to follow the Plough.

Dear Daughter what mean you by Roger,
Her Mother in a Passion she cry'd,
A Country Clown the Scorn of the Town,
When you might be a Gentleman's Bride;
Which I will plainly make appear,
To all the fair Maids in Yorkshire;
I've golden Treasure and Wealth beyond
Measure,
The Rents of five Thousand a Year;
And do you imagine I would you allow,
To marry young Roger that follows the
Plough.

Dear Mother I am at my Disposal,
With four Thousand Pounds in Hand;
There's plenty of good Store, I'll ask for no
more,
Give but the Man I adore;
Tho' in a mean Habit he goes,
Perhaps with a Patch on his Clothes;
Dear Mother, when e'er he comes nigh me,
His Breath smells as sweet as a Rose;
And if ever I marry, I solemnly vow,
It must be with Roger that follows the
Plough.

Dear Daughter if this is Reason and Wit,
I do recommend the poor honest Man,
Who will do all that he can;
Whilst a Rake he'd ruin his family quite;
Dear Daughter you are much in the Right,
I never more will deny you,
Let young Roger lie by you,
Since he's your Joy and Delight.
And when you are marry'd my Love shall be
shown,
I'll give him a Farm to plow of his own.

Sold by S. Summerside, Nor 53, White Chapel,
Liverpool.

